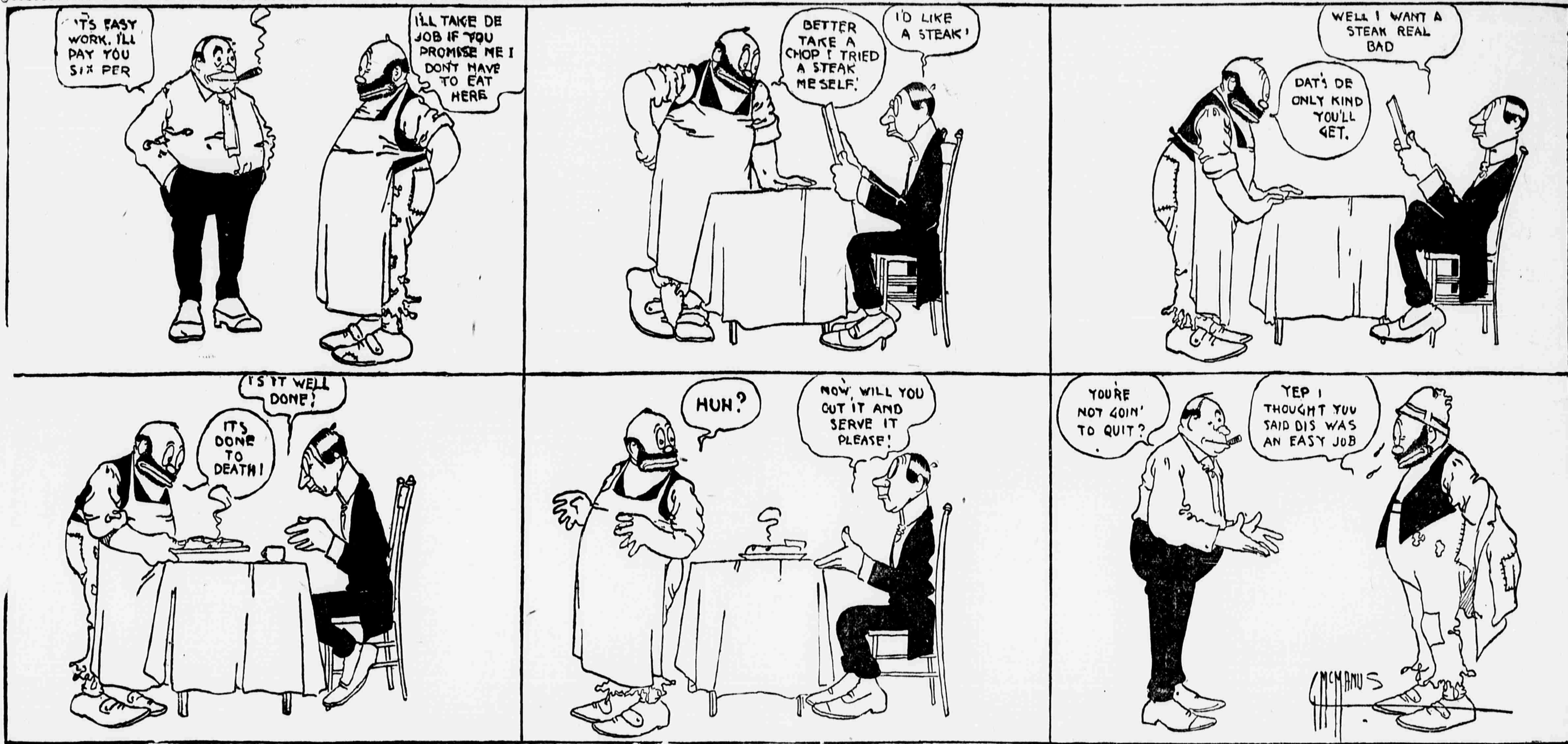


Panhandle Pete Annexes a Job in a Restaurant.

By George McManus



The Chorus Lady.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK AND ITS THEATRICAL LIFE.

FOUNDED ON THE PLAY OF THE SAME NAME

By James Forbes.

This Novelization of "The Chorus Lady" Was Made

By John W. Harding.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Patricia O'Brien is a young girl who has been brought up in the theatre. She is a beautiful girl, and is very popular with the boys. She is now in New York, and is looking for a job. She has been told that there is a job in the theatre, and she is going to try to get it. She is very nervous, and is looking for someone to help her. She has been told that there is a job in the theatre, and she is going to try to get it. She is very nervous, and is looking for someone to help her. She has been told that there is a job in the theatre, and she is going to try to get it. She is very nervous, and is looking for someone to help her.

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

The Father.

"YES, I've been under the weather an' upset a bit," said Patsy. "I feel like I'd drop. I'd be real grateful if you'd put me on an Eighth avenue car. They go from somewhere hereabouts, don't they?"

"Ow now, not a tram, but a keb, hif you'll allow me, Miss Patsy," he said. "But 'adn't you better 'ave something' fust? I'm sure you need it."

"Nix for the keb," she replied. "I could do with a cup of coffee, though."

The Duke, however, would not have considered it the part of gallantry or the proper thing at all to put Nora's sister on a car when the unexpected privilege of acting as her escort had fallen to him. He looked around, but there was no cab in sight.

"Home?"

"There's a place just across the way that keeps open all night," he said. "We can get some coffee there if you'd rather not 'ave anything' stronger."

Patsy refused anything stronger. With profound diffidence he offered her his arm. Feeling faint, she leaned upon it gladly, and they soon were installed at a table with some hot coffee before them.

The Duke was not a little proud of the honor done to him and sought to

President Roosevelt's Hunting Stories

Told by Himself

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No. 18.

A Peccary Hunt.

IN the United States the peccary is only found in the southernmost corner of Texas. In April, 1892, I made a flying visit to the ranch country of this region, starting from the town of Uvalde with a Texan friend, Mr. John Moore. My trip being very hurried, I had but a couple of days to devote to hunting.

Our first halting place was at a ranch on the Rio; a low, wooden building, of many rooms, with open galleries between them and veranda round about.

There had been many peccaries, or, as the Mexicans and cowboys of the border usually call them, javalinas, round this ranch a few years before the date of my visit. Until 1888, or thereabouts, these wild hogs were not much molested, and abounded in the dense chaparral around the lower Rio Grande. In that year, however, it was suddenly discovered that their hides had a market value, being worth four bits—that is, half a dollar—a-piece; and many Mexicans and not a few shiftless Texans went into the business of hunting them as a means of livelihood.

The son of the ranchman, a tall, well-built young fellow, told me at once that there were peccaries in the neighborhood, and that he had himself shot one but two or three days before, and volunteered to lend us horses and pilot us to the game on the morrow, with the help of his two dogs. The last were big black curs with, as we were assured, "considerable bound" in them.

One was at the time staying at the ranch house, the other was four or five miles off with a Mexican goat-herder, and it was arranged that early in the morning we should ride down to the latter place, taking the first dog with us and procuring his companion when we reached the goat-herder's house.

Having borrowed the javalina hound of which we were in search, we rode off in quest of our game, the two dogs trotting far ahead. The one which had been living at the ranch had evidently fared well, and was very fat; the other was little else but skin and bone, but as alert and knowing as any New York street boy, with the same air of desperate capacity. It was this hound which always did most in



PECCARIES AT BAY. COURTESY, GARY HILL, U.S. ARMY.

were many other kinds of cactus, all with poisonous thorns.

Two or three times the dogs got on an old trail and rushed off giving tongue, whereat we galloped madly after them, ducking and dodging without and among the clusters of spine-bearing trees and cactus. The hound stopped and stood still, chattering his teeth savagely, and I jumped off my horse and dropped her dead with a shot in the spine, over the shoulder.

Peccaries are very fast for a few hundred yards, but speedily tire, lose their wind, and come to bay. Almost immediately one of these, a sow, as it turned out, wheeled and charged at Moore as he passed. Moore never seeing her but keeping on after another. The sow then stopped and stood still, chattering her teeth savagely, and I jumped off my horse and dropped her dead with a shot in the spine, over the shoulder.

Peccaries are not difficult beasts to kill, because their short wind and their pugnacity make them come to bay before hounds so quickly. Two or three good dogs can bring to a halt a herd of considerable size. They then all stand in a bunch, or else with their sterns against a bank, chattering their teeth at their antagonists. When angry and at bay, they get their legs close together, their shoulders high and their bristles all ruffled and look the very incarnation of anger, and they fight with reckless indifference to the very last.

Hunters usually treat them with a certain amount of caution; but, as a matter of fact, I know of but one case where a man was hurt by one. He had shot at and wounded one, was charged both by it and by its two companions, and started to climb a tree; but as he drew himself from the ground one sprang at him and bit him through the calf, inflicting a very severe wound.

I have known of several cases of horses being cut, however, and dogs are very commonly killed. Indeed, a dog new to the business is almost certain to get very badly scared, and no dog that hunts steadily can escape without some injury.

The Anti-Snapshot Girl.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.



AT HANOVER.

THE summer girl is a wise young thing. No more snapshots for her. Following the illustrious example of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania, and of Miss Marie Corelli, who will sue any paper printing an unflattering photograph of her countenance, the summer girl flees from the kodak. Photographers say that the camera can't lie. But ask any woman who has had a snapshot taken of her when she wasn't expecting it, and she'll say unprintable things.

If the camera doesn't lie, why do blondes come out brunettes, and why does sweet sixteen's face look as lined as an Indian chief's?

No more snapshots for the belle of the beach! By very reason of denying herself to the camera she will reign as belle in the heart of its owner for many a long day to come. Even the most faithful swain is disillusioned when he develops the kodak pictures of his fair one and traces in her face relationship to the ladies of Endor, and in winter when he turns over the pages of his album those frightful snapshots of



A Few Careful Touches.

poetic. And I've always seen photographs of her that were just beautiful, with white hair and a crown and things, and such a noble expression. But I saw this picture in a French paper. It was the Queen talking to a man, and it might just as well have been the apple woman, because she looked perfectly hideous all done up in a shawl, with her mouth open and her eyes all squinted up and the wind blowing her dress back, showing two great big feet in rubbers. Why, my whole illusion about that woman was gone. And though I know she doesn't look like that, still I saw the picture. So did the Queen. They say she was dreadfully peeved about it and won't have any more snapshots taken. We're not queens, but none of us girls are ever satisfied with the way the snapshots look. And so we just being to the Carmen Sylva Anti-Snapshot Club."

If she sticks to her resolution, the summer girl will have rid the world of many hundreds of worthless caricatures of her charming self and will have gone one step further on the road to art and beauty.

By the way, that greatest of artists, Sarah Bernhardt, who, at the age of sixty-four, played Prince Charming last winter, never allows a snapshot of herself to be published without seeing it first and adding a few careful touches with her deft paint brush to the print. That is one reason why the world still thinks her beautiful. She has never been caught off of her guard even by a kodak.

Flee from the Kodak.

her instantaneous and ungraceful poses will efface the real but vaguer pictures of her that still float in his memory.

The girl who wants always to be thought good looking is wary of the camera.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Escallops of Corn.

EMPTY one can of corn into a baking dish; add one egg, two-thirds of a cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Place cracker crumbs and bits of butter over the top; put in moderate oven and cook until cracker crumbs are slightly browned.

Celery Soup.

PUT on to stew one cup of chopped celery; one may use the outside stalks and keep the good yellow for the table. When it is done drain, put in pepper, salt and butter to suit taste, when solid one and a half cups milk and thicken with one tablespoon flour. Then add celery liquid; heat one egg; put in and serve.

A Family Trait.

H E couldn't play ball; He couldn't hold it at all. But would drop it in some way or other.

Till at last they found out How it all came about— He was little Miss Muffet's big brother. —Nixon Waterman.

Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

She Was Hasty.

Dear Betty:

IS it proper for a young man after he has assisted me up a hill to still keep hold of my arm for a few minutes? He and I have only met twice. He is insulted because I told him not to get so forward. Was I justified in speaking as I did? V. A.

I think you were a trifle hasty in reproving the young man for so slight an offense, as he probably intended only to assist you further.

Wait a Year or Two.

Dear Betty:

AM a young girl of twenty and in love with a young man of the same age, whom I dearly love, and I know she loves me too. I have been keeping company with him five years and have

been engaged to him three years. I don't wish to give him up, but my parents object to him. What shall I do? M. K.

If you have loved the young man for five years your affections must be true. Wait until you are a year or so older, and if by that time your parents still object and your love has not changed marry the man of your choice.

She Treats Him Coldly.

Dear Betty:

HAVE been engaged to a young lady about five months. I love her more than I do myself, but she does not seem to care for me. She always suggests breaking the engagement, saying she is sorry she is engaged, as she could have done better. She always ends with me over trifles not

worth considering. Her parents think a good deal of me and are preparing for our wedding, which takes place in four months. What shall I do, as I am afraid we will not be happy together? C. K.

You should tell the young lady plainly that you have only yourself to blame for the way she treats you. Unless you have encouraged her he would not have treated you in this fashion.

Gloves Acceptable.

Dear Betty:

IS it proper for a young lady to accept anything in the line of dresses from a gentleman with whom she has been keeping company for the past three years? I am a poor girl and can't afford to dress like others, and thought I would ask your advice. J. L. L.

It is perfectly proper for a young lady to accept from a man she knows well a box of gloves or handkerchiefs or a piece of lace.

passed the evening alone. What I want to know is this: Was it proper for this young man to hug and kiss me? It happened the first time he called on me.

Most certainly it was not proper, but you have only yourself to blame for the way he treated you. Unless you have encouraged him he would not have treated you in this fashion.

Her Own Fault.

Dear Betty:

AM a young girl eighteen years of age. A few days ago I was introduced to a young man a few years older than myself. He seemed very much interested in me and asked if he could call. I gave him permission and he called before the week was out. We

An Idyl.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

WITH the mercury at ninety. When the sun is in the shade, I can't feel warm and ardent. In my friendships, I'm afraid. For me the cold averted gaze Has lost its power to harm. And love grown cold these torrid days Is not without its charm.

These days I'd do more anything To win a frosty glance: For the much maligned cold shoulder My soul most fondly pants. The marble stare, the icy smile, The manner cool and chill, My young affections could beguile. This bare thought makes me thrill.